Wife. Oh my children.

1. *Ser,* How is it with my moſt afflicted Miſtris?

wife. Why do I now recouer? why halfe liue?
To ſee my children bleed before mine eies,
A ſight, able to kill a Mothers breaſt without an executioner; what, art thou mangled too?

1. *Ser.* I thinking to preuent what his quicke miſchiefes had ſo ſoone acted, came and ruſht vpon him,
We ſtrugled, but a fowler ſtrength then his
Ore-threw me with his armes, then did he bruize me
And rent my fleſh, and robd me of my haire,
Like a man mad in execution,
Made me vnfit to riſe and follow him.

Wife. What is it has beguilde him of all grace?
And ſtole away humanity from his breſt,
To ſlay his children, purpoſed to kill his wife,
And ſpoile his ſeruants.

Enter two ſeruants.

Ambo. Pleaſe you leaue this accurſed place,
A ſurgeon waites within.

Wife. Willing to leaue it.
Tis guilty of ſweete bloud, innocent bloud,
Murder hath tooke this chamber with full hands,
And will not out as long as the houſe ſtands.

Exeunt.

Enter Husband, as being throwne of his Horſe, and falles.

Huſ. Oh ſtumbling Iade, the ſpauin ouertake thee,
The fifty diſeaſes ſtop thee;
Oh, I am ſorely bruiſde, plague founder thee,

Thou